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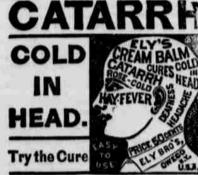
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DR. TALMAGE WELCOMED IN BROOKLYN WITH ENTHUSIASM.

He Speaks on "The Sunrise," and His Text Is from Paul's Matchless Epistle to the Romans, xiii, 12-His Sermon in

BROOKLYN, Sept. 8.-The Rev. T. De Witt Taimage, D. D., was welcomed home today by an overflowing congregation. At the opening of the service the hymn beginning

Welcome, sweet day of rest.
That saw the Lord arise,
was sung with fine effect. Dr. Talmage's
subject was: "The Sunrise," and his text,
"The day is at hand." Romans xiii, 12. He

and the springs, and the farmhouse, year cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted. I hall you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunanmite: "Is it well with thee! is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of re-cent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phos-

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains, 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I can-not tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Halle-lujah!" I am in no such predicament today, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejacula-tion. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel and Coronation. Some time ago we had a new stop put in this great organ—a new trumpet stop—and I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons.
WE NEED THE ELEMENT OF GLADNESS.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. That man had no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoul-der at his own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ, who pours you believe that the divine Christ, who pours all the water over the rocks at Vernal falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life! I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic, and assay them, and test them, and alembic, and assay them, and test them, and analyze them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impres-sion being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought

to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently have disturbed many people by telling them that there is danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches the trains shoot this way and that, without any colliding, then you can understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch tender can shoot the train this way and that without barm, cannot the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way! Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take nillions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about half past 5, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."
THE WAR PERIOD IS PASSING AWAY.

ual substitution of diplomatic skill for hu-man butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differ-ences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of

That Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was the United States and England. How was it settled! By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey! By the Gulf Stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood! By the pathway of nations incarnadined! No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London: "All settled." Peace. Peace. England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead

of battle.

So, the quarrel eight or nine years ago about the Canadian flaheries in any other ago would have caused war between the United States and England. England said: "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said: "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, not a cartridge bitten off, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

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battle.

So the Samoan controvery in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through peccadillo of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment of Bedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not the dignity of even being respectable. What is that blush on the cheek of England today? What is the loaf that England would like to two out of her his-

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword. Philanthropy said to the north: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a cer-tain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the south: "You sell the slaves and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The north replied: "I won't pay a cent." The south replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have

ground this nation to powder.

Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of Potomac and talk the matter over, and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the north pay in cost of war, four billion seven hundred million dollars, and the south pay four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first born dead in so many ouses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men, whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh yes! we have come to be lieve, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle. CHRISTIANS ARE PEACEABLE.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended, Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God that this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the reservation. A general of the United States army, in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred in this country between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of con

I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my corn fields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under that large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my prop-erty. He crowds me back, and crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner and still closer corner, until after a while I say: "Stand back! don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to comfit strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off of my premises! I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer cornor, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defense of a home on top of the Rocky mountains. Be-fore this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by com-mon justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In we day of God's judgment, I would rather be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation! One man was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretended to be a representa-tive of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glitble that "the day is at hand."

RAPID TRANSIT A JOYFUL FACT. I find another ray of the dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a pression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with four-teen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the eye and tele-phonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty five thousand miles of the world's circumfer ence are shriveling up into insignificant brev-ity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may do all their work in twenty-four hours. The world ometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker! Did it not take science five thousand six hundred and fifty-two years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took five thousand eight hundred years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the queen's speech at the proroguing of parliament the day before in London! If that be so, is it anything marvelous that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many expect that Christ will come among the nations per-sonally—suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should deseend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours! Suppose he should present his Gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrows; to prove that I am a supernatural being I have just descended from the clouds; do you believe me, and do you believe me now!" Why, all the tele-graph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter, when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going soon to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not

for the world's damage is going to happen. 1 think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the London plagues. Enough, the Asiatic choleras. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. LOOK OUT FOR A CELEBRATION.

I think our world could stand right well a I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astoundng good news. Better have some banner that has never been carried, ready for sud-den processions. Better have the bells in den processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand!" One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come,

now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah and Malachi, and John and Peter, and Paul and Christ, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success. until we have settled one matter. What is whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with pres-ent pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast, and the captain assures you the vessel is stanch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat, or on toward light and blessedness. You and I be-lleve the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inex-orable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you sub-tract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra down on the top of your Bible and rejoice. If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it

s at 2, if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand." MYSTERIOUS SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may after a while make a demonstra-tion in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as som times we conjecture, and that after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what it is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: that the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul-may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Aja-lon, him of Mars Hill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war bought up all the old cav-alry horses, lest they be turned out to drudg-ery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Naversmire Heath, and turned these old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture, to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder storm came up, and these war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old scriptural war-

through the heavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones.

Methinks they will spring into the fight and
exchange crown for helmet, and palm branch
for weapon, and come down out of the king's
galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room!
I must fight in this great Armageddon."

My beloved people, I preach this sermon
because I want you to toll with the sunlight
in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you stand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all pray-ers are answered, and all Christian work in some way is effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, devology and procession, princi-palities and dominion; he who hath the moon under his feet and all the armies of heaver

on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. Oh, Christ! how shall I meet thee, thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred back, and the scarred back, and the scarred back. scarred foot, and the scarred breast, if I have scarred foot, and the scarred oreast, if I have no scars of wounds gotten in thy service! It shall not be so. I step out today in front of the battle. Come on, you foes of God, I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine and adderous. tongues forked and viperine and adderous.

Come on, with types soaked in the seum of
the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I
bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike!
I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt
for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on
earth, we cannot be glorifled with him in
heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On!
See! the skies have brightened! See! the
hour is about to come! Pick out all the
cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra
string their best instruments. "The night is
far spent, the day is at hand." siring their best instruments. far spent, the day is at hand."

A Gravedigger Passes a Had Night. A few nights ago while a party of young men and women were walking under the shade trees skirting the Lafayette cemetery they were startled by a number of wild cries issuing from the center of that burying ground. The hour was about 9, and although there were twenty persons about, none of them at first could muster enough courage to go in. Then some of them, guided by the sound, made their way between the graves to a vault near the center of the cemetery. The vault top rises only a few inches above the ground, but there are a number of holes piercing the sides and the investigators threw

themselves prone before this.

For a time they could see nothing. Then one of the watchers discovered the outlines of a moving form, and another piercing cry rent the air. Satisfied now that the thing within was a ghost, the men sprang to their feet and ran like mad for the streets. The mystery was not explained until Officer Smith passed that way. Just as he reached the vault in question he noticed the white face of a man who was lying on the floor in-side. He promptly broke in the door and found James N. Clarke, one of the grave-diggers, in a half unconscious condition, leaning against the side of the vault. It was some minutes before he could talk. Then he

to do some work. There are seventeen bodies here. As I entered, the door closed with a bang and I saw that I was caught. The lock is a spring lock and opens only from the outside. At first I laughed, but as no one came to my relief I soon quit that. When night came I was thoroughly frightened. There was no fun in the prospect of passing a whole night in a narrow vault with seventeen corpses. Then I shricked for help, but no one came. I must have fainted, for when I awoke the sun was shining. I knew no more until you came. I'm going into some other business now." — Philadelphia Ex-

Petrified Bodies.

A most remarkable story comes from As pen, Colo., regarding an unexpected find in one of the principal mines on the Aspen mountains. Last Thursday, as the story goes, the night shift in the Minnie mine put in 32-inch holes in the breast of the 500-foot level and fired the blast just before leaving for the surface. On returning to the mine it was found that the two shots had broken into a cave, the extent of which they proceeded to

Going in a few feet, they found the walls covered with crystallized lime and lead that glittered like diamonds. Here and there little talactites hung from the ceiling. The lime formation resembled lace and frieze work of wondrous beauty. The cave has a descent of about twenty degrees, and then formed rooms and chambers grand beyond descrip-

The men had entered about two hundred feet when they found a flint ax. A little fur-ther was a pool of fresh water and a current of air was felt. Further on a chamber was discovered covered with a brownish muck that was sticky. A man who was in the lead suddenly stopped and said: "There sits a boy." Sure enough, there sat a human form. The head was resting on the knees and the arms were drawn around the legs, Indian fashion. A stone bowl and ax were found beside the figure. The body was well pre-served, but in trying to lift it one arm broke off. Other bodies in different attitudes were found in the chamber, but when disturbed they crumbled. One body of a man was brought out with the loss of arms and feet. The discovery has caused great excitement in Aspen, as the bodies do not seem to be those of Indians.—Denver Times.

Changing the Color of Canaries. The following is from the proceedings of

the Berlin Physiological society: Starting with the observed fact that canaries fed with Dr. Sauermann has based upon it a scientifiinvestigation of canaries, fowls, pigeons and other birds. From these he has obtained the following results: Feeding with popper only produces an effect when given to young birds before they moult; the color of the feathers of older birds cannot be affected. Moisture facilitates the change of color to a ruddy hue, which is again discharged under the influence of sunlight and cold. A portion of the con stituents of cayenne pepper is quite inactive, as, for instance, piperin and several extrac-tives; similarly the red coloring matter alone of the pepper has no effect on the color of the rs. It is rather the triolein, which occurs in the pepper in large quantities, to-gether with the characteristic pigment, which brings about the change of color by holding the red pigment of the pepper in solution. Glycerine may be used instead of triolein to bring about the same result. The same statement holds good with regard to the feeding of birds with aniline colors. The red pigment of the pepper is also stored in the egg yolk as well as in the feathers. The first appearance of the pigment in the yolk may be observed as a colored ring four days after the commencement of feeding with the pigment dis-solved in fat. After a further two days' feeding the whole yolk is colored. Dr. Sauer-mann is still engaged in carrying on his re-searches.—New York World.

The gray squirrel in Phalon's tree on Cemetery avenue has been at his old tricks again. He had so much fun Saturday mornagain. He had so much fun Saturday morning that he could not resist the temptation to repeat the experience, and yesterday afternoon he was practicing sharpshooting once more. The first intimation any one had that he had returned to his perch in the hemlock was when a number of girls, who were walking under the tree, were struck with several cones. Their shrieks attracted the attention of several people in that neighborhood, and of several people in that neighborhood, and the squirrel's delighted chattering quickly the squirrel's delighted chattering quickly informed them as to the cause of the hubbub. A crowd of boys gathered to chase the little animal away, and they had a nice time doing it. They used stones and the squirrel used cones. One of the boys wears a black eye as proof that the animal can throw accurately, while there is no record that the squirrel was struck by any of the numerous small quarries that went salling through the branches. that went salling through the branches. After about an hour's sport the frisky little fellow concluded that he had had enough and skipped from tree to tree to his home in the cemetery.—Birmingham Transcript.

A writer in The Interior, in regard to the habit of sleeping in church, intimates "that the church pew is not meant to be a Pullman berth; that the preacher must be careful to not sing a lullaby; and last, and not least, that the sexton should be the most intelligent man in the church, at least in his own de

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-Washington Capital

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